SLOW DEATH

LAST GASP

No 2

$1.00

ADULTS ONLY

HEY GROWN-UPS! Ever wonder why those old-timey horror stories don't chill you and thrill you like they used to? You know, the ones about vampires, ghouls, werewolves, and all that crap? I'll tell you why – because now all those creeps have been replaced with a REALITY scarier than any boogeyman. That's right – sealed in cellophane, packed in plastic & entombed in asphalt – they're gone, folks. In the deep six, along with the nerve gas. Yep, and now well-lighted, antiseptic shopping centers sprawl wall-to-wall on the site of all the old cobweb-infested, dank, dingy dungeons. WHAT? you say you aren't afraid of synthetics? That you actually feel safe in shopping centers?

Heh heh heh

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R. TURNER · Editor
94704

SLOW·DEATH

NOTE:

...YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A **NEW** MEDIA FORM! AFTER HOURS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH, THE OVERLAND VEGETABLE STAGECOACH IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE...

Hi-SCi-Fi!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS:

1. BORROW A COPY OF THE **2001** ALBUM.
2. GET HIGH.
3. TURN THE VOLUME UP FULL BLAST.
4. READ THE FOLLOWING STORY!

THE SEX EVULSORS OF TECNICUS

SHERIDAN-70

IS THAT A GLINT OF **STRUCTURE** POKING ITS PIMPLE-LIKE HEAD UP THRU THE SWIRLING, GRINDING GRANULES OF HIGHLY POLISHED GRANITE?! COULD SOMETHING HAVE SURVIVED THESE LAST **TRILLION** MOONS IN THE VERY **HEART** OF THE GREAT SIMMERING NEGATIVE!!?

UZZ
SUPREME CITY OF THE UNIVERSE
HOME OF

THE TECNICUS!

-SELF-DUBBED "SUPREME ORDER OF SSUX", THEY ARE A DEVIANT MUTANT RACE OF MASTER TECHNOLOGISTS, ANCESTORS OF A FANATICAL SECT OF HUMANOID TYPES KNOWN AS THE **ATOCATH**...

THIS IS THE LAST **VIRGIN** IN STOCK, MASTER!

WHAT!

AFTER SURVIVING THE ENDLESS **RADIACTIC** PERIOD IN PRE-DESIGNED SELFSTAIN-CYBERSPENSION WOMBS PLANTED DEEP UNDERGROUND, THEY EMERGED AND PROCLAIMED A "NEW AGE" OF TECHNOLOGICAL PERFECTION. THE FIRST ACHIEVEMENT OF THIS REFURBISHED **ORDER** WAS THE CONQUEST OF THE NEAREST INHABITED PLANET, **LABIA**-SELF CHRISTENED BY THE SPARSE HORDES OF WILD HUMAN FEMALES WHO MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED DURING THE **LONG SILENCE**. AND MANAGED TO DEVELOP A MINOR TECHNOLOGY OF THEIR OWN...

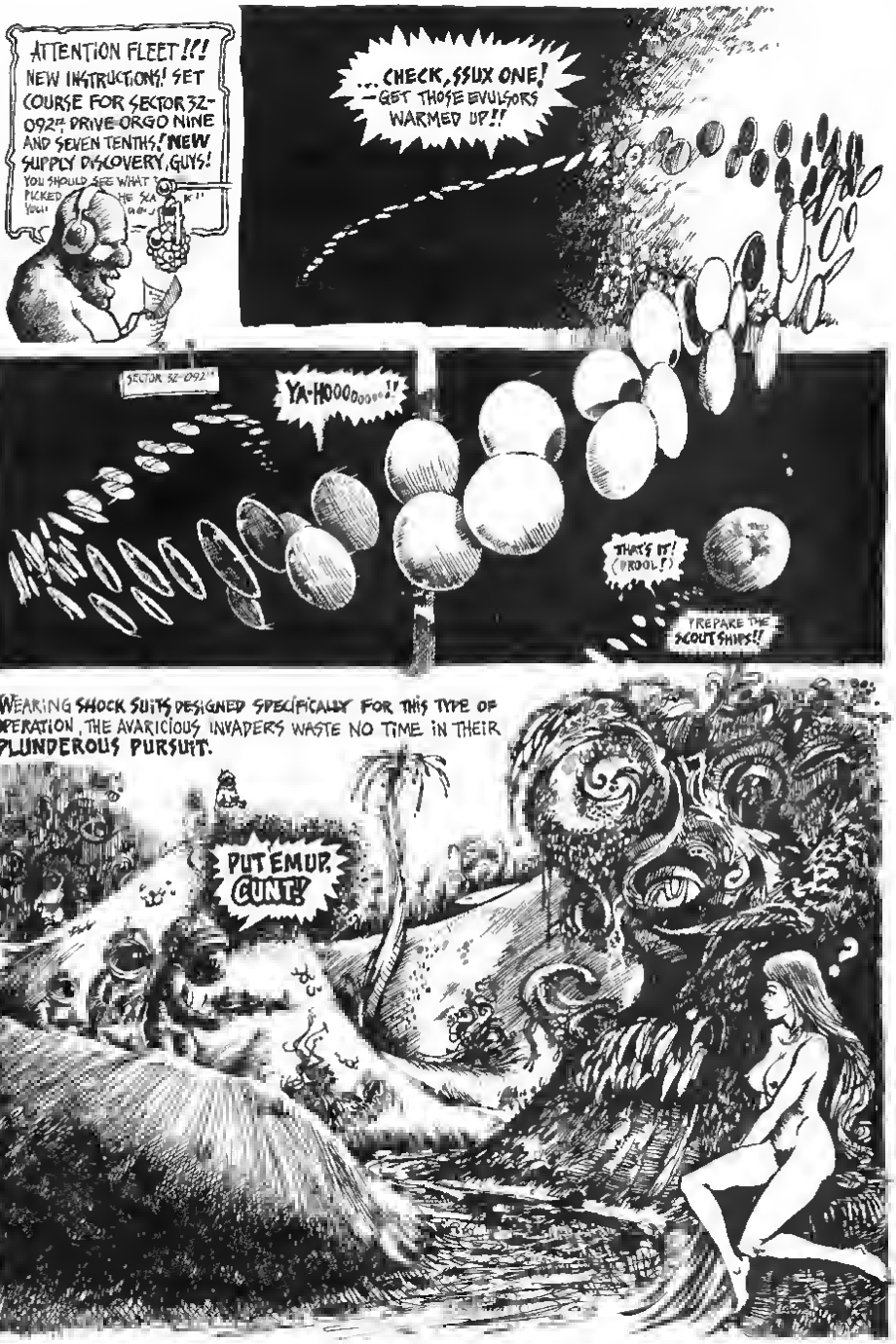
WELL!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! ORDER ANOTHER LABIAN RAID!!
POW!
ANOTHER LABIAN RAID! A SIMPLE MISSION BY TECNICAAN STANDARDS: A QUICK CRUISE TO THE LABIAN SURFACE, SCAN THE NUBILE CROP AREAS AND PICK A FRESH SELECTION FOR THE VARIOUS NEEDS OF SSUX, RETURN AND PREPAIR THE NEW ABUNDANCE FOR EVULSMIC PROCESSING!
WHAT'S THE MEGA-ORG READING ON THE SPASMULSIC GENERATOR INPUTS?
OH TENANDAHALF YOU'D BETTER GRAB ABOUT 200 THIS RUN, FLEET LEVER!

IS THERE A SECOND PURPOSE TO THIS SEEMINGLY ROUTINE CARNALITY?! AS THE CRETINOUS ARMADA SWIFTLY SLIPS FROM SIGHT, THE SCIENTISTS OF SSUX MAKE READY THE MEGA-ORGASMIC SPASMULSION EVULSOR, THE MACHINE THAT FORCIBLY EXTRACTS SUPER ORGASMS FROM ITS FLESHY VICTIMS AND CONTAINS THE INCREDIBLE ENERGY PRODUCED IN STORAGE CELLS FOR FUTURE USE! THE LOVELY LADIES ARE TREATED TO ONE FINAL, GARGANTUAN ERUPTION! WHICH LEAVES THEM AS A MINDLESSLY UNDULATING LUMP OF SEMI-COAGULATED JELL-O!!
EVERYONE IZ IN READINESS.

SLOB RAID!
GET THOSE CUNTS BACK TO THE COMPOUND!

I SURE DIG THESE RAIDS! ... JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS, REMEMBER THOSE WEIRDO CULTS WE CLEANED OUTA NEW SSUX FIVE! NOW THERE WAS A RAID!
YEAH! WE GOT TA USE THE CELL NEGATORS THAT TIME!
WHAP
THEY APPROACH THE HOLY ORIFICE CLEFT GODDESS! BUT FEAR NOT! I WILL PERISH BEFORE THE FIENDS RAVAGE THOSE LARGE SUCCULENT SAPPHISMIC BREASTS!
AANGH!
COOL IT, CLITELLUS! WE CAN HIDE UNDER THE INSEMINATION ALTER IN THE CHAMBER OF THE FAT DILDO! THE IPTHY PHALLIC TOADS NEVER LOOK DOWN THERE...
VOOP
VOOP
VOOP VOOP
LATER.
FZZACK!
HAVING ENGORGED THE COFFERS WITH TENDER NEW FLESH, THE EVULSOR CREWS BEGIN TESTING...
AWW
I WANT THIS ONE SENT TO MY YES? WHAT IS IT, FOOL? SPEAK UP!!!
GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OUT OF ME, YOU PIG FUCKER!!
MY GENERAL!!! AT PRESENT A MINOR CRISIS AT SSUX ONE! THE MACHINES ARE NOT RESPONDING AS THEY SHOULD! THERE IS EVIDENCE THAT THE EVULSOR BANKS ARE TIRED OF THE LABIAN SAMENESS. THEY WANT SOMETHING NEW, IT SEEMS!?

THE TOP SCIENTIFIC MINDS ARE CALLED IN FOR A DIAGNOSIS...
IT APPEARS THEY WISH TO HAVE A WIDER VARIETY...
THE MACHINES, THEY DO NOT VERK!!! EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER BUT STILL ZEY DO NOT OPERATE!
IT'S NO GOOD! IT WON'T RESPOND TO THE LASHAN!! WE MUST FIND A NEW SUPPLY! PREPARE THE NEW DEVILE!!!
YOU REALIZE OF COURSE THAT IF YOU DO NOT FIND A NEW SOURCE, PVT BKLU-K, YOU WILL BE VAPORIZED AND YOUR WORTHLESS MOLECUL WILL BE SHOT INTO
YESSIR!
MASTER! A NEW DEVELOPMENT AT THE SCANNING TOWER! THE SCIENTISTS THINK THEY HAVE DETECTED A SIMILAR LIFE FORCE A MERE 107,362,911 LIGHT YEARS AWAY, THEY ARE IN THE PROCESS OF FOCUSING THE LENSE...
ORDER MY VEHICLE FOR UTILIZATION!!
AWK! (GASP) ERK!... THE SHIPS! SEND THE SHIPS! HAAUNNGG! I WANT THAT ONE-NNOCK!
AMAZING! CLEAR PIC TURE THAT IT KEELIP?


ATTENTION FLEET!!! NEW INSTRUCTIONS! SET COURSE FOR SECTOR 3Z-092ND DRIVE ORGO NINE AND SEVEN TENTHS! NEW SUPPLY DISCOVERY, GUYS! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT THE SKA PICKED UP!!
...CHECK, SSUX ONE! —GET THOSE EVULSORS WARMED UP!!
SECTOR 3Z-092!
YA-HOOOOOOO!!
THAT'S IT! (DROOL!)
PREPARE THE SCOUT SHIPS!!
WEARING SHOCK SUITS DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS TYPE OF OPERATION, THE AVARICIOUS INVADERS WASTE NO TIME IN THEIR PLUNDEROUS PURSUIT.
PUT EM UP, CUNT!

WEHAVE "GUESTS"
WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO MAKE IT THRU THE VOID. WE HAVE MANY THINGS TO DISCUSS! BUT FIRST, MY BROTH...
DISCUSS! HAW! JUST GIT THOSE "SLAVERING SOCKETS OF DELIGHT" LINED UP FOR INSPECTION.!
"CRACKLE" JACKPOT! SEND DOWN THE TRANSPORTS!
.....YOUR INTENTIONS CLARIFY YOUR MOTIVES, SPACE TRAVELLERS, BUT APPARENTLY YOU FAIL TO REALIZE HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO DEAL WITH YOUR DEFINITION OF FORCE. YOU SEE, OUR HISTORY IS THAT OF INNER DEVELOPMENT... UM, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A SMALL DEMONSTRATION... AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR ENTIRE FLEET IS BEING... SHALL WE SAY... DISARMED! AND IN VIEW OF YOUR PERSISTENCE...
AAAAAGHH!
WHOOOOOOOOOO
SO ARE YOU!
SHOOT THE
F...RNNNNNNNN
POP POP POPPOP POPPITY POP!
POP!
WH-
...IT WAS INEVITABLE, MY CHILDREN INEVITABLE...
That's All Folks!

THE SECRET

I AM A DEAD PLANET, SUSPENDED IN THE SILENT VOID OF A DISTANT SOLAR SYSTEM. EVER SO SLIGHTLY THE COLD COSMIC CURRENTS STIR MY SLUMBERING DUST. USELESS, FOR I WILL NOT AWAKEN. I DREAM OF ANOTHER TIME, EONS AGO, WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE HERE.

THEY NESTLED IN THE SOFT FOLDS OF MY FLESH. THEY FLUTTERED THRU MY CLEAR MAGENTA SKIES AND SWAM IN MY COOL CHARTREUSE WATERS. I WAS FERTILE AND NURTURED THEM WITH SWEET NECTAR FLOWING READILY FROM MY VEINS. THEY CALLED ME 'MOTHER'.

YES, THOSE WERE HAPPY TIMES FOR ME. NOW, NOTHING REMAINS OF THIS JOY. IT, LIKE ALL ELSE, LIES CRUMBLING INTO DUST. MY FACE IS WRINKLED AND BARREN; MY POOLS ARE CRACKED AND DRY. FOR YOU SEE, I DIED WHEN MY CHILDREN ENTERED AND SEALED THEIR TOMBS. THE DEATH OF THE ENDLESS SLEEP, A SLEEP THAT NUMBS THE PAIN OF KNOWING...

SO NOW I AM ALONE, ONLY VAGUELY AWARE OF THE TINY CREEPING, CRAWLING, DISGUSTING CREATURES THAT GNAW AT THE BARE RIBS OF MY RUIN. ALONE WITH MY TERRIBLE SECRET!

AND THEN CAME THE **SEEKERS** — THOSE WHOSE GOAL WAS TO WREST 'KNOWLEDGE' FROM THE UNCHARTED REACHES OF SPACE; TO PROBE THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE. THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO FEND OFF THEIR OWN SLEEP BY PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE ONES AT REST, SUCH AS I. FOOLISH, VAIN INTRUDERS — LEAVE ME BE!

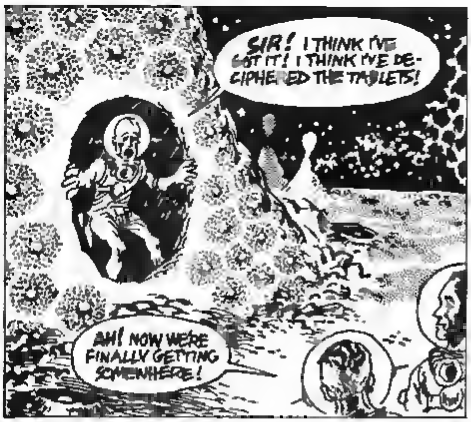
IT'S MY SECRET. HOW COULD IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, YOU FROM BEYOND THE CURVE OF INFINITY?
SCANNER STILL READS NEGATIVE, SIR!
NO MATTER. WE COULD BE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE SOURCE OF EMISSIONS AND STILL GET A NEGATIVE READING. ONLY OBSERVATION HEADQUARTERS HAS EQUIPMENT SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO REGISTER GAMMA-SCALE SIGNALS..
HOW COULD YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR MY CHILDREN'S SLEEP, AND MINE?
AND TO DESIGNATE THE SIGNALS AS HUMAN IN ORIGIN, EH CAPTAIN? HUMAN-TYPE SIGNALS, BROADCAST FROM A POINT IN SPACE WHERE MAN HAS NEVER PENETRATED!
EASY, LIEUTENANT. AFTER ALL, THE SIGNALS WERE FAINT, EXTREMELY FAINT! DISTORTION COULD BE A FACTOR.
HOW, STRANGERS, CAN YOU PROFIT FROM OUR DOOM? HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU WILL NOT SEAL YOUR OWN DOOM?
I KNOW SIR, IT'S A LONG SHOT AT BEST, BUT, WELL.. IF WE DISCOVER EVIDENCE OF HUMAN HABITATION ON ONE OF THESE PLANETS, THINK OF THE IMPLICATIONS FOR SCIENCE, FOR HUMANITY! ALL THE QUESTIONS THAT HAVE PLAGUED MAN FOR AGES WILL BE CLOSER TO...
SOME OTHER TIME, EH LIEUTENANT? I DIDN'T COME 2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME TO LISTEN TO A LECTURE ON METAPHYSICS! WE'RE HERE FOR FACTS, LIEUTENANT, COLD, HARD FACTS! HOW HUMANITY CHOOSES TO EVALUATE THOSE FACTS IS NOT PART OF OUR ASSIGNMENT.
AHH.. BUT THAT IS THE LEAST OF YOUR CONCERN, ISN'T IT? YOU THINK ONLY OF YOUR SHIP'S RELUCTANT SHUDDER AS IT SLIPS TOWARD MY WITHERED SURFACE.
CAPTAIN TO CREW. PREPARE FOR DESCENT. LOGAN, GIVE ME A READING ON STRUCTURAL REVERBERATION AT .0025!
YES, YOUR FEARS ARE OF THE SIMPLE KIND, THE KIND THAT ARE DISPELLED BY A SCAN OF THE INSTRUMENT PANEL BEFORE YOU— NOT FEARS FOR THE FATE OF MANKIND!
EVERYTHING OKAY HERE CAPTAIN.
GOOD. WE'LL SET DOWN BY THOSE STONE STRUCTURES. SOME INTERESTING LOOKING RUBBLE NEAR THERE.
VERY WELL, WATCH THE LIGHTS FLASH THEIR ASSENT, STEP FROM YOUR MIGHTY SHIP AND LIFT THE SHROUD FROM MY SECRET. EXCEPT THEN IT WILL BE OUR SECRET, WON'T IT?
HMM.. THESE CONES LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU, LIEUTENANT?

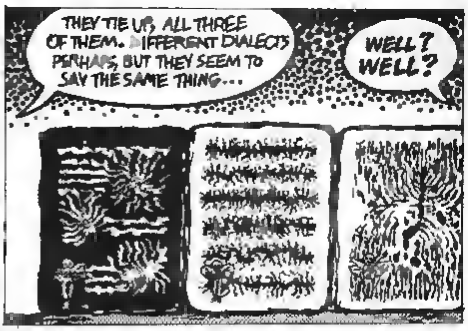
LOOK LIKE ELEMENTARY SANDSTONE FORMATIONS TO ME, CAPTAIN.
MAYBE SO, BUT— YES! THEY'RE HOLLOW! CHECK FOR AN ENTRANCE.
OVER HERE SIR!!
DWELLINGS, SIR?
YES! LOOK— EVEN A PICTURE ON THE WALL!
HMM.. PRETTY ABSTRACT, IF YOU ASK ME.
PERHAPS, BUT WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THIS?
GASP, A MIRROR!!
NOT MUCH ELSE IN THE WAY OF IDENTIFIABLE OBJECTS, CAPT. A LOT OF FRAGMENTS, BUT NOTHING TO REALLY INDICATE A HUMAN PRESENCE.
ABOUT ALL WE CAN GATHER IS THAT WHATEVER LIVED HERE STRUNG BEADS AND LOOKED AT THEMSELVES IN THE MIRROR!
SIR, WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE GNATS?
GNATS? LOOK, WE'RE ON THE TRACK OF A SOPHISTICATED LIFE FORM — ARTISANS, BUILDERS — CAPABLE OF SENDING SIGNALS ACROSS SPACE, NOT GNATS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

NOW LET'S SEE... AHH, LANGUAGE! WRITING! EVEN A RUDIMENTARY LEVEL OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATION REQUIRES COMMUNICATION! WHAT ABOUT THAT ASPECT?
SIR! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING! I THINK IT'S A TABLET
IT'S ALIEN AS HELL, WHATEVER IT IS! IF IT WASN'T DONE ON STONE, I'D SWEAR IT WAS THE WORK OF SOME MIGHTY HUNGRY TERMITES!
BUT SIR— LOOK!
A HUMAN FIGURE!
JESUS, YOU'RE RIGHT— A SORT OF SKELETON! WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING, BUT WHAT?
I'VE SEEN THIS REPRESENTATION BEFORE, CAPTAIN. IT OCCURRED IN ONE OF THE OLD MEXICAN CULTURES — AZTEC, I BELIEVE IT WAS.
ARE YOU CERTAIN? AN EARTH CULTURE? WHAT WAS ITS MEANING?
LET ME THINK— IT INVOLVED AN ASPECT OF DEATH, SOMETHING LIKE THAT..
YES, YES, THAT'S OBVIOUS! IT'S A PICTURE OF A SKELETON! BUT, WHAT ELSE?
I BELIEVE IT REPRESENTED THE DEITY THAT.. LEMME SEE.. THAT GUIDED THE DEAD ON.. ON THEIR JOURNEY TO REBIRTH.
HE'S RIGHT SIR. THE AZTEC EQUIVALENT TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BELIEF CONCERNING THE AFTERLIFE, EXCEPT THE EGYPTIANS USED A SCARAB BEETLE TO SYMBOLIZE THE DEITY.

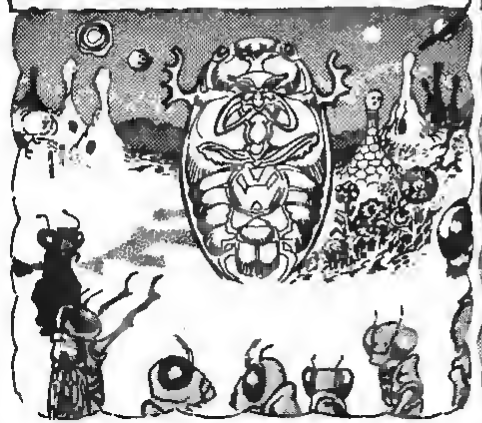
HMPH! ALL THAT LEADS ME ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE, GENTLEMEN. BUT THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY A HUMAN DEPICTION, AND IT MUST HAVE BEEN FASHIONED BY A HAND — HUMAN OR OTHERWISE.
SO LET'S GET TO WORK DECIPHERING THIS WRITING — IF THAT'S WHAT IT ACTUALLY IS — WHA? BLASTED GNATS!
I KNOW, SIR. THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH THEM.
AT LEAST SOMETHING IS ALIVE IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE, EVEN IF IT IS A NUISANCE.
SLAP
TWO WEEKS! TWO WEEKS AND NOT A SIGN OF A LIVING SOUL — PAST OR PRESENT. IN FACT, WE'RE FURTHER FROM A SOLUTION, WHAT WITH THIS SECOND SLAB!
WELL, THE MARKINGS ARE DIFFERENT, BUT THE SKELETAL FIGURE IS REPEATED. ACTUALLY, THERE'S NOT AS MUCH CALLIGRAPHIC VARIATION AS BETWEEN, SAY, CHINESE AND ENGLISH.
WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST GREAT! NOW ALL WE NEED IS TO FIND A THIRD TABLET IN SWAHILI! IF YOU ASK ME, THE ONLY CONSTANT FACTOR SO FAR IS THESE DAMN GNATS!
CHEER UP, SIR. MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN THE NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS THAT LINK UP WITH THESE CAVES.
CAPTAIN, COME QUICKLY, WE JUST LOCATED A ROOM FULL OF BALLS!
WHAT?! WHAT KIND OF BALLS?
I DON'T KNOW — LARGE, SPHERICAL OBJECTS, CLAY PERHAPS, MARKED WITH A STRANGE SYMBOL, AND ANOTHER STONE SLAB!
HMM... NO SEAMS, JUST AN IMPRINTED SEAL THAT..THAT..LOOKS LIKE A — NO, IT CAN'T BE...
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... WAIT A MINUTE! THERE IS A SEAM — AROUND THE SYMBOL! A PLUGGED HOLE!

CAREFUL! IT COULD BE A BOMB!
NO, THERE'S NO HANDLE ON THE OUTSIDE. THIS DEVICE WASN'T MEANT TO BE OPENED, AT LEAST NOT FROM OUT HERE.
THEN, THAT WOULD MEAN.. SOMEBODY GET A DRILL! WE'RE GONNA PULL THE PLUG!!
EASY, EASY.. THERE!
POP!
THERE'S A BODY INSIDE! GASP.. IT'S A GIANT DEAD BUG!!
BUG! OF COURSE!! THOSE CONES - EVER SEE THE GIANT TERMITE MOUNDS IN AFRICA? AND THESE MULTILEVEL UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS - JUST LIKE AN ANTHILL! THAT WRITING AND THE SYMBOL! THIS PLANET WAS INHABITED BY A STRANGE SPECIES OF BUGS! BUGS THAT BURIED THEIR DEAD!
BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY A HUMAN SKELETON WAS DEPICTED IN THEIR MONUMENTS, CAPTAIN, AND IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY THERE IS A HANDLE ON THE INSIDE OF THIS PLUG! NO CAPTAIN, THEY WEREN'T "BURIED"...
THIS SLAB - HERE'S THE AZTEC FIGURE! WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE IS CONTAINED IN THESE CARVINGS - IT MUST BE! WE'VE GOT TO TRANSLATE THEM.
..THOSE CREATURES CLIMBED INSIDE THEIR COFFINS AND CLOSED THE LID BEHIND THEM. IT WAS SUICIDE, SIR - PLANNED, MASS SUICIDE!
TWEEK
I CAN'T GET OVER IT! A CIVILIZATION OF INSECTS! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE THE BUGS ON EARTH ARE DISTANT RELATIVES OF THESE CREATURES, EH?
THAT'S PRETTY FAR OUT. I'D SAY A BETTER CASE COULD BE MADE FOR RELATING OUR BUGS TO THESE DAMN GHATS THAT KEEP PESTERING US!
HA HA

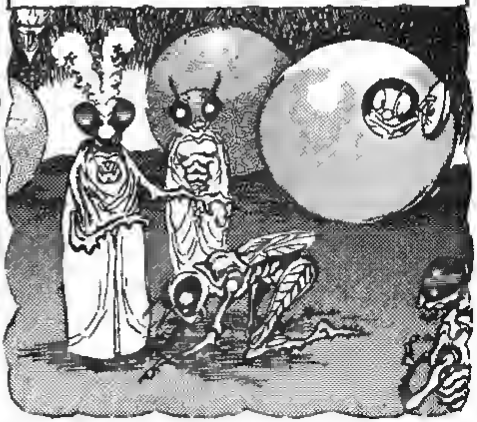




AND THE CREATOR TOLD HIS CHOSEN RACE THAT IN THE FULNESS OF TIME HE WOULD REQUIRE OF THEM A SOLUTION TO HIS RIDDLE. IF THEY UNDERSTOOD ITS MEANING THEY WOULD BE BLESSED WITH EVERLASTING LIFE IN A PLACE OF JOY AND HAPPINESS LOCATED AT THE SOURCE OF LIGHT. SHOULD THEY FAIL TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE, THEY WOULD BE CURSED WITH AN ETERNITY OF ENDLESS REINCARNATIONS IN A PLACE OF DOOM, WHERE THERE WILL BE "WEEPING AND GNASHING OF MANDIBLES".



THE APPOINTED TIME DRAWS NEAR AND WE HAVE NOT SOLVED OUR RIDDLE. IN FACT, WE ARE NO CLOSER TO AN ANSWER THAN WHEN WE BEGAN. THUS, IN THE SAME JOYFUL SPIRIT AS WE COMMITTED THEM TO US, WE NOW RETURN OUR SOULS TO THE CREATOR. AND AS WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF ETERNAL DARKNESS, LET OUR CHANT FILL THE VOID, THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW: IN THE LAND OF THE NIGHT, THE SHIP OF THE SUN IS DRAWN BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD....

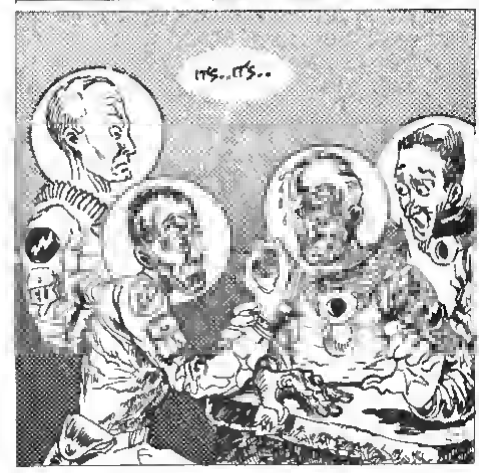


FANTASTIC! I TOLD YOU OUR EARTH BUGS ARE RELATED TO THESE GUYS! THEY'RE THE REINCARNATED FAILURES OF THIS VERY PLANET WE'RE STANDING ON!
WHAT? YOU'RE NUTS!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT IT SAID? "ENDLESS REBIRTH AS A WRETCHED LIFE-FORM." WHY NOT ON EARTH—AS BUGS! THAT'S PRETTY WRETCHED, AIN'T IT?
HA! HEAVEN ON EARTH, EH?

RIGHT! EXCEPT IN THEIR CASE, HELL..
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE PART WITH THE SKELETAL FIGURE—THE PICTURE OF THE HUMAN BEING?
THAT PART IS SORT OF A POST-SCRIPT, SIR—TACKED ON THE END.

IT SAYS, "WE REGRET OUR FAILURE ONLY IN THAT IT LEAVES OUR BELOVED PLANET-MOTHER AT THE MERCY OF THE INCREASING PESTILENCE OF THE LOATHSOME..." AND THEN THERE'S THE PICTOGRAPH OF THE HUMAN FIGURE, SIR.. CHOKE
OH GOD! THOSE GNATS! LET'S TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THOSE FUGGIN' GNATS!


IT'S..IT'S..

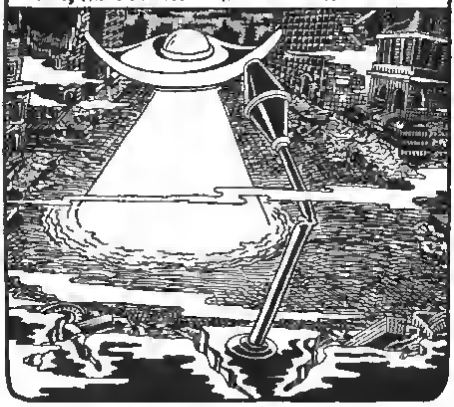
..NOT A GNAT, SIR...
THE END

J. OSBORNE ©'70
ROUTINE
EARTH YEAR 2970! INTERGALACTIC VEHICLE WD-666, ON ITS TERMINAL INSPECTION TOUR, ENTERS AN ANCIENT AND OBSCURE SOLAR SYSTEM...
AS THE SHIP SPEEDS PAST A DYING STAR AND LOCKS IN ORBIT ABOUT A SMALL SATELLITE, THE TWO MAN TEAM FROM THE IMPERIAL WASTE AND DISPOSAL DIVISION GAZE INTENTLY AT A MAGNA-SCREEN
THERE SHE IS, ROLF! WOW! LOOKIT TH' GLARE FROM THE RADIATION PILES!
JEEZ! ACCORDING TO THE RAD COUNT, THE SURFACE IS HOTTER'N A TWO-SHEKEL ANNIHILATOR!
I GUESS THERE'S NO SENSE IN EVEN LANDING FOR A CHECKOUT!
ARE YOU KIDDING? ON MY SALARY, I'M SURE NOT GONNA TAKE A CHANCE ON INSTANT STERILIZATION! WE'LL JUST TAG THIS WHISTLE STOP "UNFIT FOR FURTHER DUMPING"!
OH YEAH? SO NOW WE GOTTA FIND A SUBSTITUTE! ANY SUGGESTIONS, BRIGHT BOY?
NO SWEAT, SOURPUSS! THE OLD EXPLORATION RECORDS SHOW THAT THE NEAREST PLANET HAD ONLY MINIMAL LIFE, PLUS A HIGH ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION COUNT... AND THAT WAS OVER 500 YEARS AGO!

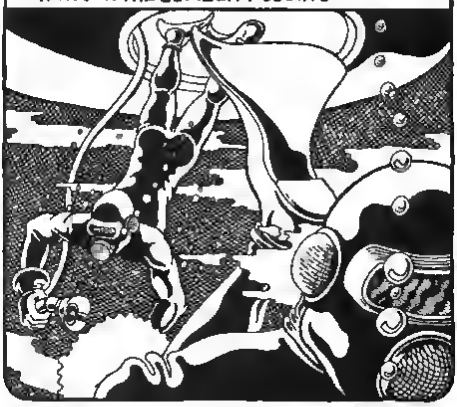
LEAVING THE HOT MOON, THE INSPECTORS ENTER INTO A DESCENDING ORBIT AROUND THE PROSPECTIVE RADIATION DUMP....
APPROACHING IONOSPHERE-INSERTING DECELERATION PROGRAM— DECELERATION NOW IN EFFECT!
AS THEY PENETRATE THE STRATOSPHERE, ROLF ATTEMPTS TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE PLANET'S SURFACE....
POLLUTION THICK AS PER SOUP-AM PLACING INFRARED INTENSIFIERS ON BINOCULARS
ALTITUDE 3,000 FEET!—SPOT A SUITABLE AREA FOR TOUCHDOWN YET?
VISIBILITY ZERO! GONNA HAVE TO BRING THIS BABY IN ON INSTRUMENTS ALONE!
LEVELING OFF AT 150 FEET, ROLF AND MARX JACK THE MAGNASCOPE TO MAXIMUM RADIAL VISIBILITY AND RECEIVE A VAGUE SURFACE IMAGE
JUMPIN' SPACE SPARKS! IT LOOKS LIKE ABEFORE SHOT OF AN OIL FILTER IN ONE OF THOSE OLD ANIMATED ENGINE CLEANER COMMERCIALS I SAW AT THE VISITOR MUSEUM OF VISUAL ARTS LAST YEAR!
YEH? WELL, THE FUN STARTS WHEN WE DIVE INTO THAT MUCK AND BEGIN SEARCHING FOR VISIBLE LIFE FORMS!

AW, C'MON ROLF! LET'S JUST GIVE THIS SLAGHEAP A "SUITABLE" RATING AND BEAT IT.
NO CAN DO, MARK! SUPPOSE SOME FUTURE DUMP SHIP IS DROPPING ITS LOAD...
AND SOME SAP ON THE CREW SPOTS A GEEK FROLICKING IN THIS STINKPOT -KNOW WHAT'D HAPPEN?
YEH, WHEN WE HIT HOME PORT WE'D FIND RESERVED SEATS IN THE NATIONAL DISINTEGRATION DOME WAITING FOR US!
RIGHT YOU ARE! SO LET'S HOP INTO OUR EMERSION SUITS AND GET THE JOB OVER WITH!
I SHOULDA LISTENED TO MY MAW AND GOT A COLLEGE EDUCATION
UPON STABILIZING THE MOTHERSHIP, ROLF AND MARX BOARD A TINY JOBCRAFT AND SLIDE INTO THE MUCK
MUMBLE GRUMBLE W WWW...
AW, CUT YER BEEFIN'!
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THEY PLUNGE BENEATH THE PLANET'S THICK, LIQUID SURFACE...
WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW! ANOTHER CITY IN SHAMBLES!--SEE SO MANY ON THIS JOB-- IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YA PUKE!
YEH, AT ONE TIME THE WHOLE UNIVERSE MUST HAVE BEEN CAWLING WITH JERKS BENT ON SELF-DESTRUCTION... C'MON, LET'S DROP DOWN BETWEEN THOSE BUILDINGS AND SEE IF ANYTHING'S STILL BREATHING...

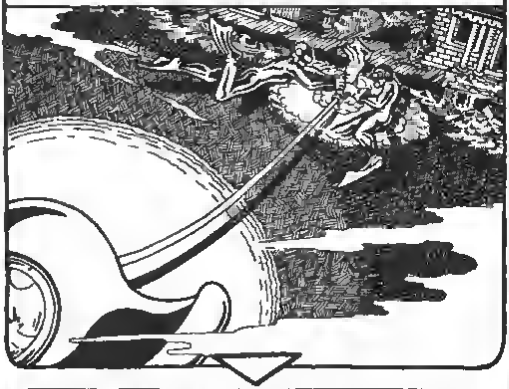
FOR SEVERAL HOURS THE CRAFT GLIDES RIMLESSLY THROUGH THE DARK CANYONS OF THE CITY, THEN JERKS TO AN ABRUPT HALT—



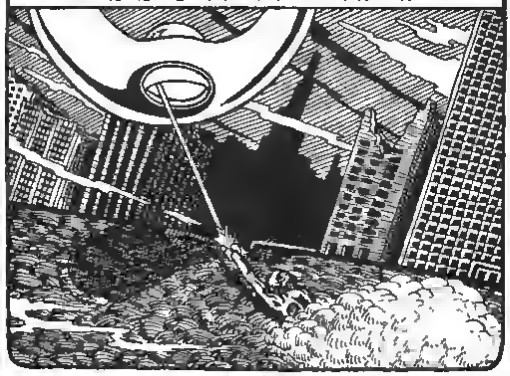
ROLF AND MARX LEAVE THE COMFORT OF THEIR CONTROL ROOM AND BEGIN WRIGGLING THROUGH THE SOMBER PUDDING



A LINE IS SECURED TO AN APPENDAGE PROTRUDING FROM THE BOTTOM SLUDGE



A WINCH GRINDS INTO LIFE AND AN INERT FIGURE IS WOUND INTO THE VEHICLE'S HATCH



MOMENTS LATER THE JOBCRAFT BREAKS FREE OF THE GLUEY SHROUD AND ROCKETS TO THE MOTHER SHIP

ONCE ABOARD, THE INSPECTORS ENTER THE DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER WITH THEIR PRIZE, THEN BEGIN REMOVING THE ENCRUSTED GRIME FROM THE CORPSE....
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S CLEAN ENOUGH FOR CLOSER INSPECTION!
O.K. ROLF!—JUST ONE SHOT IN THIS EMPTY SOCKET—AH.... THERE WE GO.!
DURN GOVERNMENT ISSUE GLOVES—— NEVER FIT RIGHT.!
HMM... YEP, JUST AS I SUSPECTED! I DO BELIEVE, MARK, THAT I CAN GIVE A COMPLETE RUNDOWN ON THE EXTINCTION OF THIS CREATURE.!
AND WHAT'S THAT, ROLF?
AN OLD STORY, M'BOY! ONE THAT I'VE RUN ACROSS MANY TIMES IN MY NINETY-ODD YEARS AS DISPOSAL INSPECTOR... NOW, THAT CITY WE FOUND THIS THING IN WAS BUILT BY AIR-BREATHERS PROBABLY PHYSICALLY VERY MUCH LIKE US.!
THEN, THROUGH EXPLOITATION OF THE PLANET BY THE AIR-BREATHERS, POLLUTION SET IN, AND AS IT INCREASED, MANY OF THE INHABITANTS DIED, BUT THOSE WHO DID SURVIVE UNDERWENT
GRADUAL PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EVOLUTIONARY CHANGE, FINALLY RESULTING IN THIS ROTTING GEEK—YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME ANYTHING NEW, ROLF! I'VE READ THE W AND O DIVISION'S INTERGALACTIC HISTORICAL AND ECOLOGICAL MANUALS TOO, YA KNOW.!

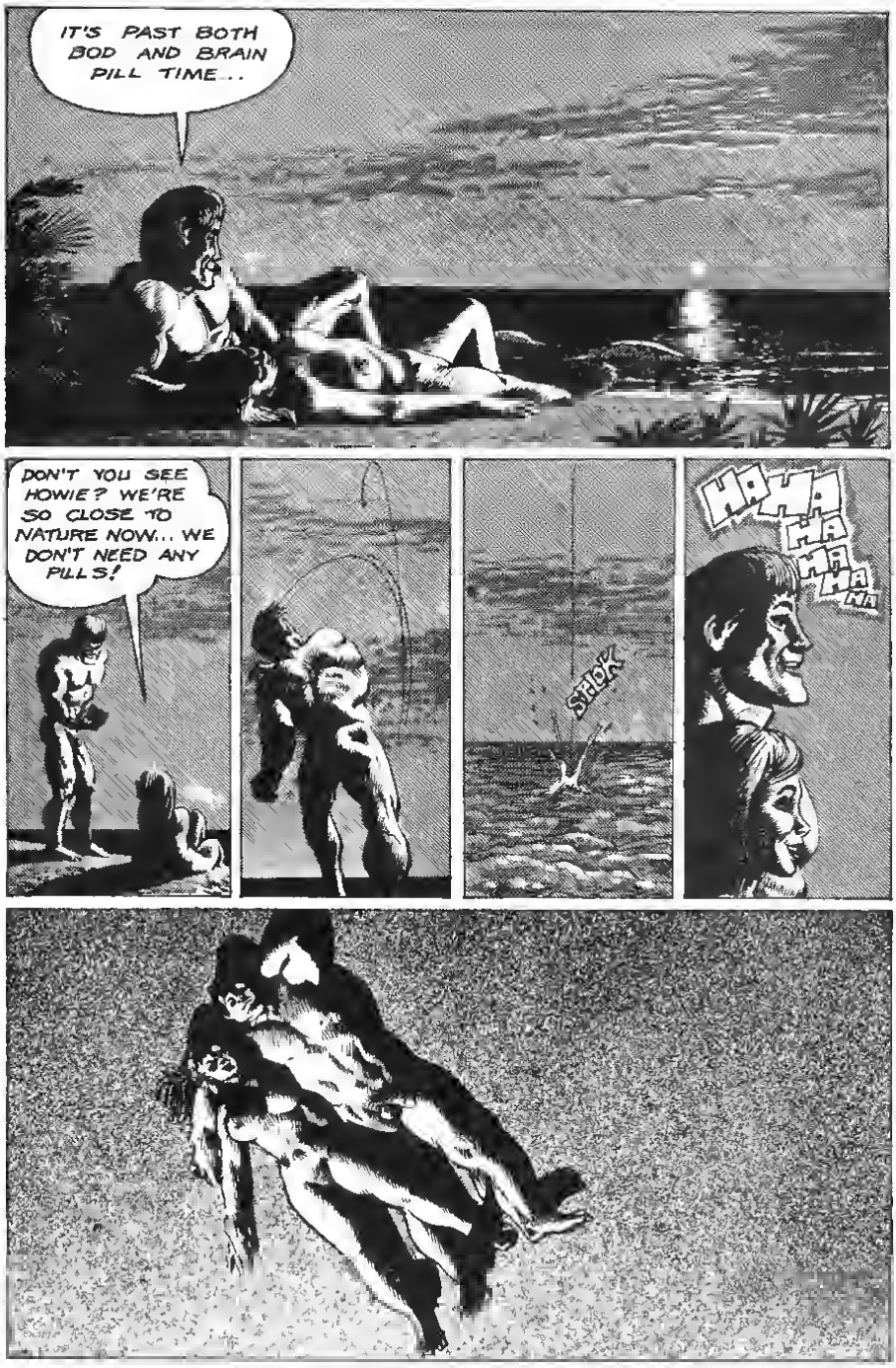
O.K. HOTSHOT! TELL ME WHY THIS HULK STOPPED BREATHING!
ALRIGHT! AL RIGHT! SO I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING! MEBBE TH' CREEP JUST DROPPED DEAD OF OLD AGE!
WRONG! NOTICE THE GILLS? WELL, THIS THING SURVIVED BY EXTRACTING WHAT LITTLE OXYGEN THERE WAS IN THAT GUNK WE FOUND IT IN, SO, WHEN THE OXYGEN GAVE OUT, FISHBOY HERE GAVE UP.
IF THERE'S NO OXYGEN LEFT, I SUPPOSE IT'S SAFE TO SAY THIS IS A DEAD PLANET, EH, ROLF?
RIGHT YOU ARE! C'MON, LET'S PUT OUR LITTLE SOUVENIER ON ICE AND GET OUT OF THESE MONKEY SUITS!
BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM—
I'LL REV UP THE OLD CRATE WHILE YOU TAKE CARE OF THE CHARTS, MARX!
LEMME SEE NOW... CHART 127 AND-AND-HEY, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS JERKWATER PLANET?
EARTH!
GOTCHA! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
DUMP CHART
DROP PARTITION
SELECT 'O' CHART
EARTH
THE END

HOWARD IN THE NEW WORLD
HEY HOWARD, THE HOLIDAY STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES LET'S HEAD FOR THE COCK OLYMPICS IN KANSAS.
NO NICK. NANCY AND I ARE SPLITING FOR THE SUNNY BEACHES OF AUSTRALIA FOR SOME FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM.
FRESH AIR AND FREEDOM? YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF THAT ANYWHERE. THE SUN SHINES EVERYWHERE ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH!!!
OF COURSE I KNOW THAT!... NANCY JUST WANTS TO GET AWAY. NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN HERE WHERE BEAUTY AND PEACE REIGNS... WE MERELY WANT TO EXPERIENCE SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

TALK LIKE THAT CAN ONLY LEAD TO TROUBLE!
BZZZZZZ%
AH, THE SHIFT IS OVER!
DON'T WORRY NICH. WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
BOUT TIME FOR MY BOD PILL. .... SMELL THAT AIR! IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE.
HI NANCY! READY FOR SOME FUN IN THE SUN?
HI HOWIE! YOU BETCHA!
HERE WE GO!
ZZOOWW
OH HOWIE, THE LAND, THE SEAS AND SKY ARE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL!
YES, ONE CAN'T HELP BUT BE OVERWHELMED BY THE MAGNIFICENCE!

WE'RE MAKING GOOD SPEED! WE'LL BE THERE IN TIME FOR AFTERNOON SNACKS AND BRAIN PILLS!
PILLS! HOWARD LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE PILLS AND THE OTHER ARTIFICIAL PARTS OF OUR EXISTENCE.
I'LL SET HER DOWN HERE!
OOOH HOWIE, IT'S SO GROOVY!!

NANCY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
C'MON HOWIE! IT'S EXHILARATING!
STOP IT!
GOTCHA
SPLASH


IT'S PAST BOTH BOD AND BRAIN PILL TIME...
DON'T YOU SEE HOWIE? WE'RE SO CLOSE TO NATURE NOW... WE DON'T NEED ANY PILLS!
SPLOK
HA HA HA HA HA

A DIM LIGHT!.. IS IT DAWN?
IT SHOULD BE LIGHT BY NOW. WHATS THAT MUCK ON THE GROUND?
SQUISH SQUOSH
IT'S EVERYWHERE! ... GOOD GOD, IT'S ALL OVER MY BODY. WHERE IN HELL DID THIS SHIT COME FROM?
AGH! MY HANDS! MY BODY!
AAAEEEEH! HOWARD!!
NANCY!
HOWARD!... HOWARD, I CANT MOVE! I FEEL LIKE I'M ENCASED IN SOME KIND OF SHELL.

A SHELL!... WE'RE IN SHELLS... PLASTIC SHELLS THAT WE WEREN'T AWARE OF!!...
THE PILLS! WHERE ARE THEY? "TAKE YOUR PILLS OR YOU'LL GO MAD!"
I CAN'T MOVE!... OH GOD!
HOWARD!
SPLOP!
OH HOWARD, HELP ME!
I MUST GET FREE OF THIS SHELL!
AH! I'VE FOUND THE OPENING. THE CASING DRAINS MY STRENGTH. ... I'LL MAKE IT!
HOWARD, I DONT FEEL GOOD! TAKE ME HOME!
NANCY... I MADE IT! (CHOKE!) =HAK-KOFF=

AGK
FLAIL THE AIR!
CHOKE
GURGL
SQUEEZE!
HOWARD! NANCY!
WHERE ARE YOU?
NICK! CRUSH
CRUSH
GOOD LORD!
BLAM
BLAM
SLUCE
HERE THEY ARE! GOD! HOWARD'S BEEN DISEMBOWELED!
THE CREATURE MUST HAVE DONE IT. HOWS THE GIRL?
SHE'LL PULL THROUGH... WHERE'S THE CREATURE?
IT DISAPPEARED!... LIKE ALL GARBAGE!
GORE TV

YO YO LETTER PAGE

DEAR MR. GRIMSHAW,
CONCERNING YOUR CARTOON IN THE FRIST EDITION OF "SLOW DEATH ON EGO-TRIP IN BABYLON" YOU PICTURE SCOTT CARPENTER AS A BABYLONIAN PATRIOT. I FEEL THIS IS UN-FAIR, BECAUSE YOUR INFORMATION ABOUT HIS PERSONALITY IS QUITE WRONG, TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE. I KNOW HIM AS A FATHER AND AS A VERY LIBERAL PERSON -- AND NO ADMIRER OF NIXON AND HIS WAYS. HE IS AN ENGINEER AND SOMEWHAT SCIENTIST -- I THINK HIS KNOWLEDGE ON THE "X 720Z" IS NOT UNBASED. HE EXPLAINED IT TO ME AND TALKED TO MANY SCIENTISTS ABOUT IT AND IT DOES WORK. HE IS ALSO PRESIDENT OF SEA SCIENCES CORP. WHICH IS MAINLY CONCERNED WITH STOPPING AND CLEANING UP POLLUTION AND SUSTAINING THE MASSES. HE'S REALLY INTO THE KIDS AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING SO I WAS OFFENDED WHEN YOU OBVIOUSLEY PUT HIM DOWN.

SINCERELY,
KRISTEN CARPENTER

P.S. HIS AND MY LAST NAME IS SPELLED CARPENTER - NOT CRAPENTER

DEAR KRISTEN:
THANKS FOR YOUR LETTER. IT WAS BEEN FORWARDED TO MR GRIMSHAW - THE VISUAL YO YO TRIBE CHECKED OUT F-310. IT IS A SHUCK ACCORDING TO THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION. IT IS RUMORED TO CREATE PHOSAGENES (MUSTARD GAS). IT APPEARS THAT IT DOES NOT INCREAS NITROUS OXIDE (EARTHTIMES #3) OR DECREASE IT (ECOLOGY INFORMATION GROUP). IT IS ONLY A DETERGENT THAT WOULD HAVE NO APPLICATION IF THE CARBURATOR WAS KEPT IN ADJUSTMENT. IF STANDARD OIL HAD SPENT THOSE MILLIONS ON REACHING THE PUBLIC HOW TO TUNE THEIR CARBURATORS THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE. WE TRUST SEA SCIENCE CORP. & YOUR FATHER & YOU WILL CONTINUE TO STRIVE FOR THE SAME GOALS AS SLOW DEATH.
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
ED.

THE ABOVE ARE CUTS FROM SLOW DEATH 1 THAT CAUGHT THE IRE OF READER CARPENTER -

TEAR OUT AND SEND IN

Mind Candy for the Masses

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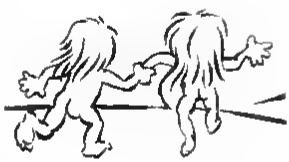

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DEDICATED TO WILHELM REICH—
I ♥ MARIJUANA ANALYST AND DISCOVERER OF THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM:
THE FASCISM OF MASS PSYCHOLOGY — HIM IN BERKELEY ECOLOGY ACTION, A VAN GUARD GROUP

THE SLOW DEATH IS PUT EVERYWHERE THESE DAYS

CHR 1.0 THE JEOPARDY ANSWER

(1) HOW MANY LIEUTENANTS DESERTED TO SWEDEN FROM THE PORTUGUESE ARMY AFTER BEING TRAINED IN WEST GER. ARY BY U.S. ARMY guerrilla WARFARE EXPERTS. for ACTION IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONIES OF GUINEA & MOZAMBIQUE? a. 100 b. 0 c. 50 d. ?

(2) ALL of THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTE in SOME WAY To SOUTH AFRICAN APARTHEID Policies. WHICH ONE helps in the prosecution of the INFAMOUS PASSBOOK? a. BANK of AMERIKA b. GULF OIL c. POLAROID d. USA.

(3) HOW MANY pages WOULD YOU find in the PASSBOOK that is MANDITORILY CARRIED by all NON-WHITE SOUTH AFRICANS? a. 15 b. 32 c. 10 d. 94

(4) ON Sept. 30, 1970, in the American Colonial City of LARES, PURTYO RICO, HOW MANY Draft Cards & Induction NOWLOPS WERE BURNED? A. 30 B. 60 C. 500 D. 1400

(5) IT WAS a PARACHUTE & FLOATS to EARTH. It is PAINTED Bright YELLOW, RED, BLUE or GREEN. Adults KNOW IT is DEADLY & DON'T TOUCH IT. but CHILDREN are Attracted TO IT and IT is DESIGNED for THEIR DESTRUCTION. IT is AMERIKA'S NEWEST WEAPON in ITS GENOCIDAL WAR on VIETNAM. Name IT: a. flutter bomb b. cluster bomb c. phosphorous bomb d. napalm bomb

(6) HOW MANY flea collars ARE NEEDED to Kill YOUR CAT? a. 10 b. 2 c. 1 d. 6

(7) WHAT MAP WAS to ONE MILLION AFRICAN AMERICAN SLAVES Each YEARS? a. it regenerates b. supports life c. it is covered with concrete d. soil banked

(8) IF ALL the COUNTRIES of the WORLD realized the AMERICAN DREAM & thus Consumed FUEL at the Rate We Do, HOW LONG could all THE RESERVES Last (including the ARABIAN Fiasco)? a. 4 3/4 years b. 6 years c. 118 years d. 22 1/2 years

(9) SLOW DEATH FUNNIES #1 made HOW MUCH MONEY? a. +$5 b. -$50 c. +$2000 d. +$2000 (The PIG Capitalists who SOLD YOU This MADE +20. POWER TO THE PEOPLE!)

(10) WHEN the LEAD LEVEL of .5 parts/million is CONSIDERED in a HUMAN SYSTEM, Insanity & Death Ensue. Ideally so (.00) parts per billion of Lead will be found. HOWEVER, What is the NATIONAL AVERAGE for AMERICANS? a. .00 p/m b. .09 p/m c. .17 p/m d. 5.3 p/m

(11) the MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STUDY indicated that at any one time A LARGE NUMBER of the NEW YORKERS could BENEFIT GREATLY from PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT. WHAT percentage of the POPULATION NEED HELP?
a. 25% b. 37% c. 55% d. 70%

(12) What Recent CHILD KILLER has been Found in THE GHETTOS? Hint. It is maintained by SLUMLORDS & PERSISTENCE is in DIRECT PROPORTION to the BLATANT RACISM and INCOMPETANCY of CITY OFFICIALS Charged With Maintaining PUBLIC HEALTH STANDARDS.
a. ZODIAC b. Richard NIXON
c. lead paint, peeled free slum walls d. eaten by hungry kids.
d. S. Agnew

(13) If YOU Sprayed a PESTICIED (Black Flag) in YOUR HOUSE & then went to a Restaurant where a SMALL ReFUSE Strip was HANGING & a dray of it got in your food, YOU SHOULD EXPECT a. a synergistic effect that could lead to CONVULSIONS & DEATH b.a mild rash like ONSLEY PURPLE c. a sense of SERENITY not UNLIKE NIRVANNA. d. rotten food that was OVERPRICED.

(14) The Latest figures for weekly earnings for workers is $121.36 per week before taxes, After taxes(worker s/wife, 2 kids) he makes only $106.49, which is 3.5% above 1969 wages. However, if the $ is based on the 1957-59 index, the real value of his take home pay is, a. 106.11 b. 96.11 c. 86.11 d. 77.68 (The lowest wage earned since 1965!)

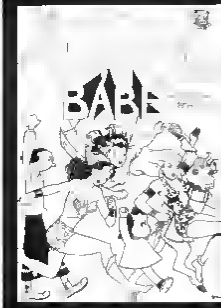
(15) During a NATIONAL EMERGENCY what could be substituted for NERVE GAS? a. oxygen b. NITROGEN c. Shell's 60 Foot strip (DDVP) d. use Pressure.

(16) CALIFORNIA is PAVING OVER its FARM LAND at a PHENOMENAL RATE. What % of Today's Agricultural Land will be "DEVELOPED" by 1990?
a. 10% b. 20% c. 30% d. 50%

(17) WHERE does OXYGEN come from ?
a. pavement b. concrete c. airports
d. LUSH VEGITATION

(18) IF YOU burn SARAN WRAP & INHALE the VAPORS you will PRODUCE:
a. deadly hydrochloring gas
b. make a good c. ENDANGER YOUR LIFE d. All of these.

HOPE YOU GOT A HUNDRED OR IT COULD BE YOUR SLOW DEATH WISH
(1 0 2C 3 9 4D 5B 6Z 7C 8B 9C 10C
11D 12C 13 Z 14D 15C 16D 17C 18 B)



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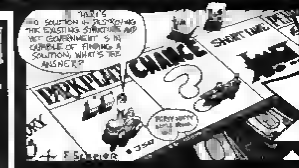

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